

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“The one thing that you and I need to worry about, and the only thing, is with regard to keeping the commandments of the Lord, living our religion as Latter-day Saints.—HEBER J. GRANT.

No. 52, Vol. 93

Thursday, December 24, 1931

Price One Penny

THE WORLD'S REDEEMER

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

I HOPE that we, my brethren and sisters and friends, have the same spirit of service, of worship, of celebration, that was manifest by the angels who visited the shepherds on that occasion, rejoicing that the Lamb of God, whose birth which had been predicted by all the Holy Prophets, from the beginning, had come to pass, and that it meant peace on earth and good-will towards men.

We have a custom of giving gifts and in the giving of our gifts, if we could have the spirit that the angels had who visited the shepherds, our hearts would go with our gifts. It would be in the nature of a commemoration of the advent of our Saviour. But I fear that a great many of us do not even think on Christmas Day of that great event. Naturally we would expect to see this house filled with men and women desirous of worshipping God, who gave His Firstborn and Only Begotten in the flesh to a life of sorrow and an ignominious death, that we might worship Him in spirit and in truth, with clean hands and pure hearts, and manifest our appreciation of that great gift when He gave His Son and the gift which the Son gave to us, the children of our Father, when He gave Himself, for He did give Himself voluntarily. While here upon the earth He made use of this expression: “I lay down my life for the sheep. . . . No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself.” And when He was betrayed into the hands of His enemies and Peter drew the sword and cut off the ear of one of the servants of those Jewish high priests, and no doubt would have done something more serious,

the Lord told him to put up the sword. "Thinkest thou," said He, "that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

TO DO THE WILL OF HIS FATHER

But that was not the order. The Saviour evidently knew that His time had come, when He was to be delivered into the hands of His enemies, when He was to be scourged and spat upon, when He was to pass through a mock trial, and finally endure death upon the cross. He came to do the will of His Father, and He knew that that was His Father's will. When in the garden of Gethsemane, carrying the weight of the sins of the whole world, and His anguish of soul was such that He sweat great drops of blood, His prayer was: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

There is a remarkable expression of His recorded in the 27th chapter of third Nephi, where, after His crucifixion, His resurrection and ascension to heaven, He visited the remnant of the Nephites on this American Continent and preached to them, and in the course of His teachings He told them that He had come because His Father sent Him to earth, that He had come to do the will of His Father, and then He asked the question: "What manner of men ought ye to be?" And He answered the question for them: "Verily I say unto you, even as I am."

So every one of us should strive in the language of the Scriptures, to walk in the light, as He was in the light, that we might have fellowship with Him, and with one another, and that His blood may cleanse us from all sin. When we were shut out from the presence of our Father, for the transgression of the commandment of the Lord—as has been stated, we had no power to release ourselves. But through the atonement wrought by our Lord and Saviour, we are not only to be redeemed from the grave and have a glorious resurrection, but we are to be brought back into the presence of God our Father. "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." The Father said to Moses: "Behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." That is, to bring us back into His presence and save us in His kingdom.

The atonement wrought out by our Saviour will redeem us from the power of sin and transgression on condition of our repentance and obedience unto the laws and ordinances of the Gospel; so that though our sins may have been as scarlet, they will be washed white as snow; though they may have been red like crimson, they shall be as wool, washed clean in the blood of the lamb.

I thank the Lord for the Gospel. I thank the Lord for the Saviour and His glorious work. I thank the Lord for the knowl-

edge I have of the truth of the Gospel, of its saving power. I thank the Lord for the knowledge I have of Him, for I do know that He lives. I know of His power, I know of His love. I thank the Lord that I know of His Son Jesus Christ, for I do know of Him, and I know that He lives and that His bowels are full of compassion for the children of men. And I know of the effect of the atonement which He has wrought out, that it makes effective the ordinances of the Gospel for the salvation of our Father's children, and makes it possible for us to come back into the presence and kingdom of God, and there is no other way, no other name under heaven by which men and women can come back into the presence of our Father and be crowned with glory in His kingdom. This is my testimony, which I bear to you, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.—Address delivered at special services in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., Christmas Day, 1927.

THE ANSWER

A TALE OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY "MORMONA"

AS A merry party of young people entered the gates of the great city of Zarahemla, they beheld a man standing on the city wall; about him was gathered such a crowd as the preaching of one man seldom drew together, even though he were the great High Priest himself. Their merry chatter changed to a babel of inquiry, and that in turn died down that they might listen to the guard's explanation:

"The man," he said, "is Samuel. He is a Lamanite who calls himself a Prophet and presumes to teach the Nephites how to mend their ways. Being cast out of the city, he has mounted the wall as you see and is still preaching as though his tongue knew not how to stop. It were better if we had some law to take care of such disturbers of the peace."

"Let us go nearer, that we may hear the Prophet, Gidgiddoni, perhaps he has a special message," said one of the girls to her escort. He assented readily, though apparently from a motive of curiosity, and they threaded their way through the closely packed throng, until they gained a slight eminence, where they could both hear and see.

"What a striking couple," remarked a man against whom they brushed in their progress through the crowd. "Do you know either of them?" he inquired of the good-natured person next him.

"Certainly, I know who they are. You must be a stranger at Zarahemla, to inquire. The maiden is Zovah, daughter of the High Priest, Nephi. And her companion is Gidgiddoni, a young soldier, who rumour has it, will some day lead the armies, so skillful is he in all manner of warlike attainments."

"Is he as religious as a companion of the Priest's daughter should be?"

The man shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said, "I have heard that in the matter of religion alone, he is not like the great Moroni with whom he is usually compared. But then it is not to be wondered at. Religion is getting unpopular of late years."

Just then a movement of the crowd sent the two apart.

"Where were you this morning, Gidgiddoni, that you did not join us until afternoon?" asked his companion, "and why would you not give any real explanation of your tardiness?"

An expression of pleased triumph swept over his face, as he answered, "At a secret archery contest of the best shots in the army. I did not explain, because I was afraid of boasting."

"Oh, then you won?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," he answered, "this," and he placed in her hand a quaint little silver bow, drawn, and welded to a golden arrow. "Will you accept it?" he asked, "and keep it in token of our lo—friendship? I am going away soon, you know, to fight the Gadiantons, and it will remind you of me if I should not return—soon."

A sudden lump in her throat hindered the thanks she tried to express as she fastened it at her throat. And then they both listened to the words of the Prophet Samuel, one in rapt acceptance, the other with a skeptical smile.

He was telling of the Messiah who was to be born in Jerusalem, and of the sign that should be given at His birth, that they might know that He who was to fulfil the law of atonement was come—he told how on that night there should be no darkness, but that two days and one night should be as one day, and a new star should appear in the heavens. Many other things he spoke about, but his main theme was the coming of the Christ, and the message of love and repentance He would bring.

As Samuel proceeded, the look of disdainful incredulity on Gidgiddoni's face deepened. To him this talk of a Messiah who was to come to a nation far across the sea, whose very existence they were not sure of, was merely a silly tradition; beautiful, it is true, as all dramatic stories are beautiful when well told, and full of a great deal of valuable philosophy, but unnecessary. Why should they worry about a higher law that was to come? The Nephites and Lamanites, so long at war with one another, were now peaceably united under a free government. They could easily exterminate their common enemy, the Gadianton robbers. Their laws were conducive to peace and freedom. What more did they need? He was decidedly bored by it all, and wished Zovah were not so interested.

But when the Lamanite began denouncing the iniquities of the people so strongly, and threatened destruction to the entire Nephite race unless they repented, his indifference gave place to

sympathy with those who threw stones at Samuel. And when every stone missed its mark, he laughed scornfully, remarking, "Why, the fools cannot throw straight," and obeying a sudden impulse, he fitted an arrow to his bow, and aimed it at the breast of the commanding figure outlined so clearly against the sky.

Zovah, seeing his motion, cried out fearfully, and tried to stop his act, but her hand was too slow, and the messenger of death sped swiftly toward the mark. But as though meeting an invisible barrier it suddenly stopped, and fell harmlessly at Samuel's feet.

Gidgiddoni's face wore an expression of blank dismay, almost of fear, as he watched the strange behaviour of his well-aimed arrow. Never before had he missed so easy a mark. It was supernatural.

As Zovah saw the flight and fall of the arrow, she suddenly pointed toward the Prophet and in her excitement cried out, "Why, see, God is protecting him! He has a message for us, and no one can harm him till it is delivered! Even the champion archer of the army cannot shoot an arrow straight enough to find his heart!" Then, overcome with embarrassment, as the crowd nearby turned to look at her, she whispered, "O, Gidgiddoni, let us go home!"

Willingly he turned and led her out of the jam of people that was swiftly growing into a mob of murderous intention.

Samuel had said that when five years had passed away the sign so many times foretold, would be given. Only four of them had passed, when the Prophet Nephi, giving his son Nephi charge of the sacred records, bore his last testimony and left the city, never to return.

His daughter frequently bore the same testimony to her lover, but the handsome, popular soldier, who had won so much honour in the long attempt to conquer the Gadiantons, would only listen when he could not change the subject, and though he always said that her religion was very beautiful, and he had no objections to it at all, still he could not understand how she could be so certain that it was true. He refused to accept any of it till he could be just as sure that the promised Messiah was not merely a beautiful myth.

Though she loved him, she could not bring herself to marry him until he became a Christian, and he was too honest to pretend to believe in what he could not accept, even to win the woman he loved.

As the fifth year passed on and the time drew near when the sign was to be given, the hatred of the unbelievers for the Christians grew ever more bitter, until at last it conquered justice, and a decree was passed that if on a certain date, the sign were not given, every believer was to be slaughtered. If there were not soldiers enough to do the work, others would help.

Nearer and nearer came the day, fainter and fainter grew the hopes of many, stronger and stronger grew the faith of some, and wilder and wilder, the triumph of the blood-thirsty as day after day passed until only one more was left.

The young Prophet Nephi and his brother Lehi, had both gone out alone to pray in secret, and as her mother was ill from the long strain of excitement and worry, it fell to Zovah to receive the many who came asking for her brother. Some there were whose white faces betrayed the fear they felt, and who seemed to find comfort in the word that he had gone to pray that the sign might be given that night. Others there were whose dark faces and gleaming eyes made her shrink in horror at their look of cruel triumph, and who laughed harshly at her words and remarked sneeringly that he might better use his breath to renounce his belief in such foolish traditions and save his life from the morrow.

Late in the afternoon these visits grew less frequent and finally ceased. Zovah went to her mother's room to see if she needed any care, but she was asleep, and with a faint sigh of relief the girl wandered out into the garden.

Seating herself wearily on the thick grass at the foot of a large tree, she closed her eyes to the beauty of the day, and wished that she might as easily shut out sound, and thought.

The warm sunshine, the caroling of myriads of birds, the soft gurgle of the little fountain nearby, all spoke plainly of peace and love, but from the street came the harsh sounds of jeers and curses. Why could not they be peaceful and happy, too, she wondered? Why should they wish to kill their fellow men for beliefs that did not harm even though they considered them false? How could it possibly be that on the morrow hundreds of her fellow creatures, so full of life and possibilities, might be lying stark and cold under the changeless sky? How could it be possible that to-morrow this soft grass might be dyed red with human blood that to-day flowed in veins dear to her? Would she and her loved ones be gone in a few hours? If so, where? If the sign were not given, if the Gospel of Christ were not true, where indeed? Surely, surely, there was a God, a Christ to be, and even though the sign did not come to-night, it would surely come sometime. If not, what was there in life worth living for?

A sound of approaching footsteps, a shadow on the fountain, and she looked up to see Gidgiddoni standing before her. His hands were extended in pleading, but her eyes rested on the sword at his side, and she grew cold and helpless at its suggestion. To-morrow—to-morrow those hands might plunge that sword into hearts that were dear to her—for soldiers must obey—to-morrow those pleading eyes that held hers now, might look on her brother's lifeless body—or her own.

And she, though she knew this about him, though she tried to despise him for not believing as she did, felt herself thrill at the

thought of the comfort it would be to feel those strong arms around her. She could not force her eyes to leave his, and could not hold her tongue silent, from murmuring his name. Suddenly she felt herself drawn to her feet, and the long-restrained sobs burst forth at the touch of his lips.

He held her gently, caressingly, until she regained her self-control, and then she listened, though against her will, to his pleadings that she renounce her foolish belief in the traditions of her fathers, give up this wild hope of a Messiah before it was too late, and go with him and be happy in his love.

As she listened to his words, and thought of what might happen on the morrow, she longed wildly to yield to him, to forget all that she had once thought made life worth while, to go and be happy with her lover. Life was so hard without love. Why should she sacrifice her love, her youth, her very life, for what, as he said, might be only a myth. If her father were here it would be easy to die for her religion, and then at thought of him, his teachings came back to her, and the beauty of the example he had left. She wondered that she could even dream of the possibility of happiness without the Gospel of Christ, the Gospel of love.

Regaining her composure then, she drew away from him and stood with eyes downcast and face averted, listening, waiting quietly for him to finish. Then looking straight into his eyes, and with her hand instinctively pointing upward, she replied with the quiet intensity of certain faith, "I am the daughter of Nephi. Can I be false to that name? Can I betray the teachings of my father? No, Gidgiddoni, not even for the love that is dearer to me than life, for my faith is dearer even than my love—bigger than love. If the Christians must die tomorrow, then my fate is sealed, for I know that there is a Christ, and that He will come to redeem His people, perhaps not tomorrow; but He will come."

"But, Zovah, listen, be reasonable, dear. There is no need for you to sacrifice your life for your beliefs. Keep them if you must. I will not ask you to give them up. Only fly with me now, to safety, until tomorrow is passed, and then we can be married and no man will dare to challenge the belief of Gidgiddoni's wife. Will you do that, dear? Answer me."

"Gidgiddoni," she replied, "I cannot give you the answer you wish, now, perhaps I never can. I cannot go with you as you ask. It would be cowardly, and vain. My life is of no more value to God or man than that of my brothers. If it is God's will that I live He can save me and my loved ones, too. If it is necessary that so many lives be sacrificed as a testimony of the Christ, why should I be spared? You ask me to go with you and be happy. I could never be happy in the way you desire. My religion is too deep a part of my life."

(Continued on page 841)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1931

EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

DEAR BRETHERN AND SISTERS,

The Latter-day Saints in Europe have cause to rejoice during this Christmas time. They have received all merited blessings, as they have obeyed the laws of life; reasonable health has waited upon them; the branches of the Church have increased in membership, happy activity and spiritual warmth, and the former prejudice of the nations against our people is slowly melting away.

These are troublous days—days foretold by the prophets of old—preparatory to the coming of the Lord. Nevertheless, in the midst of unexampled social and political upheavals, there is no fear in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints, for they, trusting in the Lord, find comfort in the glorious principles of truth, and security in the promises of protection to all who live the Gospel daily. For the gifts of the Gospel, with an understanding thereof, the Latter-day Saints are grateful.

The future is secure, if the members of the Church of Jesus Christ keep their covenants with God. Neither man nor forces of evil shall then have power to overthrow the Church or to hinder its progress. Its saving message will be taught to every nation, and all who really love truth will accept its message. The Church will increase in these lands, and from out the congregations of saints will proceed the light and truth—the principles of action—that will bring peace and joy to struggling, warring humanity. The nations will yet delight in the Gospel message. Our destiny is victory.

We rejoice in the faith and devotion of the European Latter-day Saints, who in spiritual wealth are like unto faithful saints in any other part of the world. We are proud of your diligence in the latter-day work. Gladness fills our hearts when we think of the fine examples that you set before your fellow men. Dear brethren and sisters, you are heirs to the blessings of the Gospel, and you will receive them as you have used of them and merit them. Your faithfulness will not be forgotten by Him in whose hands are the heavens and the earth.

May this Christmas season be for you one of unclouded joy and happiness. May an increased resolve come out of our celebration, to follow the example of our Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to make every day one of thanksgiving, of sacrifice for others, of obedience to divine commands, of love for God and man. We are called to be saviours of men. We must find, and make alive by loving appreciation, the goodness and beauty that dwell in every human

soul. We must still the unkind tongue; banish the evil thought, and destroy the unholy desire, in ourselves and others. Then we, in our humble sphere, shall be able to do the work of our Master, and the beauty of Christ's life will be ours. Then, our Christmas celebration and the days that follow, will be joyous indeed.

We pray the Lord to bless you, members of the Church in the European Missions, and the body of devoted missionaries with their officers and presidents. May the peace of heaven be upon you all, and may the spirit of Christmas remain in your hearts throughout the coming year.

Sincerely,

JOHN A. WIDTSOE,

LEAH D. WIDTSOE.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

THE day for celebrating the birthday of the Master is upon us and is an occasion for great rejoicing. Especially should this rejoicing be great among the Latter-day Saints because we, although possessed of many shortcomings, have a certain knowledge that He lives and is our Redeemer and further, that this knowledge has made us the most united and best living people in the world.

At this time let our thoughts dwell upon Him and the glorious doctrines He has given to mankind. Let peace and love abide in our homes. Not only should we show forth love to our own families but let us extend this love to our fellowman. By doing this, love, peace, contentment and joy will abound in our homes. This is time when we poor mortals know how to give to help the poor, the needy and the unfortunate and thus gladden their hearts. This is as it should be and no one will lose his reward who helps "one of these little ones."

We wish all the Elders and Saints a Merry Christmas and hope that the sweet joy of this season may abound in their lives and homes. Let us sing hymns of praise to Him who has sent His Only Begotten to die that we might live. May the song of that angel choir, who sang to the shepherds on the plains of Judea, be ours, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Sincerely your Brother and Sister,

A. WILLIAM LUND

JOSEPHINE B. LUND

THE ANSWER

(Concluded from page 839)

Gazing into her eyes, and finding there no sign of wavering, but only the calmness of a faith that was greater than love, and no bitterness, in spite of the sorrow of not granting his plea, he marveled, and wondered.

Surely that which could sustain her in such a time, and be greater than her love for him, must rest on a firmer basis than the mere word of her father. Could it be that the Christian code of laws, which had always appealed to him as being too beautiful, too ideal to find application in human life, was the only true code? He had often asked himself the question, but never before with any degree of faith. But now, gazing into her eyes, a sudden assurance that she did know, as she had said, that the Gospel of Christ was true, swept over him like a flood of light over a shadowy valley, and suddenly he found himself wishing that it were true, that he, too, could know as she did, and that the long-looked-for sign would be given. But if it were not, if the decree were fulfilled, if she must die on the morrow—but she should not, life would be too empty without her. He tried one more plea.

Drawing her to him again he said, "I know, Zovah, that the daughter of Nephi is not to be easily swayed from her resolve. And I love you all the better for your steadfastness. But remember that I am a captain in the army, my soldiers love me, many of them are already friendly to the Christians, and have no relish for the morrow's work. Many members of the Church are not content to die unresisting if they only had a leader to follow in defending themselves. Come with me now to your brother; he will marry us, and as the husband of Nephi's daughter we shall get the Christians to follow me. Then tomorrow when the decree is fulfilled, those who try to carry it out will find a band of well-trained soldiers and courageous Christians ready to resist them, and there will be but little bloodshed. We will yet be happy together. If the sign is given to-night I will accept the Gospel, and know that it is true; but if it should not come—we will be prepared for the worst. Come, will you?"

Her eyes filled with tears, but she answered, "No, Gidgiddoni, Christ's Gospel is one of peace. We must obey the higher law. You say you will believe if the sign is given. Then let it be my answer. If to-night God shows His power in behalf of His people, then I will give myself to you, and we will be happy. If not—there is nothing to say, except, Farewell."

"Then, may God grant that the sign be given to-night, for Zovah, sweetheart, there is nothing to live for, except you, and love. I must go now, to attend my duties as a soldier. If God does not grant the answer I wish—Farewell."

One long kiss and he was gone.

She watched him go, and then, sinking to her knees prayed as she had never prayed before. Suddenly it seemed to be growing dark. She gave a faint despairing cry, and swayed dizzily, but the momentary blindness passed, and she realized that it was still broad daylight. But a sudden sense of loneliness oppressed her. If she must suffer for her religion, at least she might as well be

with others when the night came, and the horror of darkness that swept over her was stronger than any fear she had ever known before. If only it would not grow dark to-night!

Rising to her feet, she hurried into the house. Her mother and Lehi were searching the sacred records for all the prophecies that had been given concerning the coming of Christ since the first Nephi had seen in vision the Virgin and her Babe. Having read them all, they turned to a discussion of Samuel the Lamanite and his words. Zovah told of how Gidgiddoni had shot at him, and the arrow had appeared to drop ere it reached him, and as she finished, she exclaimed! "O, mother, surely it cannot be possible that all these great and good men have been deceived. If it were not true how could so many miracles of good have been performed in the name of Messiah? I believe the sign will be given to-night."

"Thou art right, sister, the sign is given to-night. God has told me so." It was Nephi who spoke, and the light of prophecy on his face as he stood in the open doorway was the same light that had so often shone in that of his father when he was with them. Zovah looking in his face, felt her burden of fear and worry slipping from her shoulders. She tried to speak, but her voice would not obey her will. Her head whirled, and she seemed to be falling, falling, slowly but surely into oblivion.

She opened her eyes with a delicious sense of safety, to find herself lying on a couch on the housetop with her mother's sweet face bending over her.

Near the edge of the roof Nephi was standing, talking to the multitude below, and as Zovah looked at him he pointed upward. Then she realized that though it was as light as midday, the stars were shining overhead, and where he pointed shone one, larger and brighter than the rest, a new star, the promised sign.

Then Lehi came, and bending over her whispered, "Are you better, sister, dear? If you are able, come with me to the garden. I have just had a long talk with Gidgiddoni. He is to be baptized on the morrow, and he asked me to send you to him if you were ready."

Alone with him on the very spot where they had stood but a few hours ago, she could only smile and silently thank God for His mercy.

But suddenly, out of the peace of the wonderful night came the voices of a multitude, softly chanting a hymn of praise. A moment later, and another group farther away caught the strains and joined in them. Then others, far and near, on the housetops and in gardens joined, until the whole city was ringing to the sounds, and in the clear, still air of night it seemed that even the angels above had joined in the melody of thanksgiving for the Christ Child who had come.—Published in the *Young Woman's Journal*, Vol. 27, page 732.

A TRUE STORY

ELDER WELDEN C. ROBERTS

GEORGE was in the prime of life, ambitious and anxious to provide his family with the necessities of life. In years past, when his family consisted of but his wife and baby, and reasonable wages were received for an honest day's work, it was not much of a trial to obtain the needed articles to sustain the beloved group. However, as years passed, he and his wife were blessed with more wonderful children, but at the same time work became more scarce, causing many of his work-mates to be deprived of employment. That also led to a decrease in his weekly earnings, although he was fortunate in retaining his job. As time went on, more shoes, clothes and food were needed for the new members of the family.

Fortunately, George, from his childhood days to manhood, had been taught to love and fear the Lord, taught to pray, to pay his tithing, one-tenth of all his earnings, and attend to his duties in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. And, as years passed, his faith in God increased and he became a more ardent worker for the cause of Christ. The early training received from his dear mother became his guiding star, always leading him to do right and be the best father possible to the children with which the Lord had blessed him.

Every penny had to be accounted for and nothing could go to waste, for with less wages and a lay off now and then, it became quite a problem to look into the future and know where shoes, clothing and food were coming from. But he put his complete trust in the arm of the Lord, knowing that the Lord fed the children of Israel for forty years in the wilderness, and if it were possible for God to provide for them, it was also possible for Him to provide for his family if need be, if he would put implicit faith and trust in the Lord and keep His commandments.

Friday evening was pay day. George and his wife looked forward to that day each week with the anticipation that somehow enough money would be given them to see them through another week.

It was George's habit and custom, upon returning home Friday evening with the week's hard earned money, to retire to his bedchamber and there thank the Lord for being so gracious to him in giving him the means with which to obtain the necessities of life for his dear wife and children. He then always called his family around the kitchen table, and there placed before them the entire week's wages. Family prayer was offered, the Lord thanked for the money granted to them, and asked for guidance in its wise distribution and administration for the various needs and wants of the family.

The first item to be considered was the Lord's. One-tenth of the earnings was set aside for tithing; nothing, not even sickness, prevented them from giving the Lord His tithe. Car fare to get to work and to the Church meetings for the family was next to be set aside; then the rent, grocery, light, coal and gas bill. Whatever was left, which was usually nil, was used to purchase shoes for the kiddies or cloth with which to make a new dress for the girls or a shirt for the son. It was seldom that pennies were saved for future use, there being frequent calls by the children for repairing or renewing of shoes and clothing.

Christmas was near at hand. Since work had been so bad that earnings had become half of what they were in previous years, it was impossible to set aside money for Father Christmas. Father Christmas could not come unless they had money, and yet, there were no prospects in sight whereby money might be obtained for Father Christmas, so that the kiddies might not be disappointed. Yet, George knew that the Lord would open the way somehow, for so-called miracles had happened in his life many times. They prayed for help.

Just when the sky was the darkest and everything looked hopeless, a letter came from one of his friends who had spent the previous Christmas with him. Within the letter was a pound note and words that filled his heart with joy. They were: "This money is in partial payment of the good time had at your home a year ago. You cheered me and made me feel happy. It is to help Father Christmas, so that your children may enjoy the greatest day of the year."

The Lord had come to them in answer to their prayers, through the agency of a dear friend. Because of their diligence in keeping the laws and commandments of the Lord, in always paying an honest tenth, attending their meetings and Church duties, keeping their bodies holy and undefiled from the evils of the world and recognizing from whence all good gifts come, they were not permitted of the Lord to go without Christmas cheer.

Father Christmas came and the family had never before enjoyed such a wonderful Christmas.

LONDON DISTRICT CONFERENCE

AN interesting and constructive district conference was held November 29th, at the Kensington Town Hall, London. Many members and their friends joyfully participated in the events of the day.

The following mission authorities and missionaries were present: President and Sister John A. Widtsoe, Eudora and Rosetta Widtsoe, Patriarch and Sister James H. Wallis, and Elder Milton S. Musser, of the European Mission Office; President

and Sister A. William Lund, of the British Mission Office; President Owen M. Wilson (released), President Orrin W. Astle, and Elders Glen T. Dixon, Clifford L. Ashton, Royal H. Jensen, Wayne B. Lake, Richard G. Johnson, Brigham L. Hibbert, Blayne J. Barton, Frank J. Mozley, Percy L. Matthews, Robert C. Neslen, Warren M. Tingey and Sylvan E. Needham, all of the London district; President David H. Rowley and Elder Richard M. Cowan, Portsmouth District; Moroni H. Brown, Liverpool District; A. Lee Brown, Newcastle District, and Paul H. Morton, Nottingham District.

After the opening exercises of the morning session the men and women separated for special instruction in their respective work. The brethren were instructed upon the activities and duties of Priesthood holders by President Widtsoe and President Lund. The sisters were edified by Sister Widtsoe, Sister Lund and Sister Wallis. A wonderful spirit prevailed among those present, who fully appreciated the sound advice and potent instructions.

At the afternoon session President Owen M. Wilson was released with a vote of thanks for his labours and Orrin W. Astle sustained as District president. Patriarch Wallis convincingly proved the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon in his enlightening address. A solo rendered by Sister Cicely Adams and the District Choir furnished beautiful music befitting the occasion.

Sister Widtsoe, the first speaker of the evening session, admonished the members to love the Lord and show it by living His commandments. President Widtsoe exhorted the saints to diligence and clearly set forth the reasonableness and potency of the Gospel. President Lund spoke of how the work of the Lord was being spread throughout the world and counseled the saints to live according to the Gospel truths. He also bid farewell to the saints for himself, Sister Lund and their family, as they will soon leave for their home in America. A vocal solo was inspirationally rendered by Sister R. M. Russell.

ORRIN W. ASTLE, District President

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Appointment and Release: On December 13th, Elder Cleon H. Kerr was appointed president of the Newcastle District, succeeding President Leo E. Bevan.

Releases and Departures: The following missionaries have been honourably released from their labours in the British Mission and have departed for their homes in America: Howard L. Armstrong, Manchester and Sheffield Districts, Marion L. Clawson, London and Manchester Districts, Hillman C. Snell, Liverpool and Birmingham Districts, Owen M. Wilson, London and president of London District, released on November 29th, sailed from Southampton on December 10th,

aboard the *President Harding*; Merrill P. Gunnell, Nottingham and Welsh Districts, released on November 29th, sailed from Cherbourg on December 10th, aboard the *President Harding*.

Doings in the Districts: *Birmingham*—At a baptismal service held in the Handsworth Chapel on Saturday, November 28th, two persons were baptized by Elders Hillman C. Snell and O. Sherwin Webb. They were confirmed members of the Church the same day by Elders Glen F. Oliver and W. Lamar Phillips.

Nottingham—An impressive farewell social held in the Nottingham Branch, Nottingham District, was given in honour of President Albert W. Horman (released), and Elder Perry L. Watkins (transferred to the British Mission Office), on October 14th. Although the program was given extemporaneously, it was successful in extending to the departing brethren a spirit of friendship and good-will. Appropriate refreshments were served.

Eight persons were baptized at services held in the baths at Arnold, near Nottingham, on November 14th, Elden L. Bastain and Osborne M. Vance, being the Elders officiating in the ordinance. A most inspiring confirmation service was held immediately after the baptisms in the Nottingham Branch, at which the baptized persons were confirmed members of the Church by President Dix W. Price and traveling Elders Jules Gillette, Bert W. Bellamy, Fay E. Bates, Paul C. Morton, Elden L. Bastain, Osborne M. Vance and local Elder Thomas E. Dove.

Portsmouth—Baptismal services were held in Portsmouth on November 6th. Two persons were baptized by President David L. Rowley, Jr., and were confirmed members of the Church by Elder Cyrus W. Greaves.

Scottish—On October 15th the Saints of the Glasgow Branch gave a farewell social in honour of Elder LeRoy Duncan prior to his leaving for his home in America. A small gift was presented him by the members as a token of their esteem for him and appreciation of his labours. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Welsh—A baptismal service was held at the home of Charles Jones, Goytre, Mon., Welsh District, on November 22nd. Four persons were baptized by President Clarence H. Taylor, and confirmed members of the Church that evening in Sacrament meeting by President Clarence H. Taylor, traveling Elder Thomas Biggs and local Elder Richard C. Thomas. Two brethren were also advanced in the Priesthood during these services.

DEATHS

BULSTRODE—Sister Elizabeth Bulstrode passed away on November 20th, at the age of sixty-seven. Funeral services were held on November 23rd, in the Milton Cemetery Chapel, under the direction of Elder Cyrus W. Greaves. President David L. Rowley, Jr., gave consoling remarks to the bereaved. Elder Richard M. Cowan dedicated the grave.

DALLISON—Brother George Arthur Dallison of the Derby Branch, Nottingham District, passed away on October 25th, in his fifty-first year.

SMITH—Sister Elizabeth Smith passed away on October 10th, in her sixty-fifth year. Sister Smith was a faithful member of the Blackburn Branch. Interment was at the Great Harwood Cemetery, Blackburn.

WILES—Sister Kathleen Wiles, five-years-old and a member of the Manchester Branch, Manchester District, passed away on November 7th. Grave-side services were held in the Southern Cemetery, Manchester, under the direction of President Martin R. Braithwaite. Elder Marion L. Clawson dedicated the grave. Memorial services were held in the Manchester Branch the following Sunday.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

O God, on this the birthday of Thy Son,
 When hearts should happy be for love of Him,
 And songs, joy-laden, praise the Holy One,
 Nor eyes with bitter tears be dim,
 Forget not those whom Grief has claimed her own,
 Whose hearts are leaden like the winter sky;
 Lean down to comfort those who weep alone,
 Whose happiness dread pain doth crucify.

Where sorrow dwells, because of loved ones gone,
 And "Merry Christmas" sounds a mockery,
 Be there to bless. As Thou dost look upon
 Their loneliness and deep-felt misery,
 Let Thy compassion, gentle as the dew,
 Steal softly 'round them, driving out despair;
 Their path is dark, they can not see the blue,
 Their hopes are crushed beneath the cross they bear.

And sorrow heavier seems on Christmas Day
 When merry bells ring out their melody;
 To aching hearts their music seems to say:
 The joy that was, alas! can never be!
 And Thou alone can make their message clear;
 "Peace, peace on earth"—Oh, teach us all to know
 That e'en when hearts are breaking Thou art near
 And Thy great love smiles on the way we go.

HAROLD GOFF

BRITISH MISSION ADDRESS: A. WILLIAM LUND, PRESIDENT, 23 BOOTH STREET, HANDSWORTH, BIRMINGHAM

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EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN A. WIDTSOE, 295 EDGE LANE LIVERPOOL